

Dreamscape by Coneflower Adams

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Summary: There is one place where Mike and Eleven can find each other.

Dreamscape

Mike.

The whisper echoed gently in his ear. Leaves crackled under him as Mike sat up, and peered around at the woods surrounding him, the sunlight shining dimly through the clouds above.

Mike.

He knew that voice. Months had passed since he heard that voice speak his name. He couldn't forget it, not when it was etched into his mind. He looked all around, frantic to find the owner of the voice; the space between the trees empty.

"El?" he called, hope rising inside that maybe she'd made it back from whatever space and time she'd been transported to. "El, please come out if you're here!"

"I'm here, Mike."

Mike's heart leapt into his throat. He slowly turned and his eyes widened at the girl who he'd missed so dearly. "El!" He threw his arms around her, relief washing over him as he held her close. Her arms wrapped around him, her head gently nuzzling into his shoulder. Having her back was like nothing Mike had ever felt before.

El broke their embrace, her eyes closed for a moment as if she were collecting her thoughts. "Not real."

Mike's brow furrowed. "What do you mean?"

"This place," El glanced at their surroundings, "the Dreamscape."

"Is this another dimension like the Upside Down?"

El nodded. "Not real, but real here." She touched her temple then touched Mike's forehead.

Mike held her forearms. If El was in trouble, he needed to find her, save her, and bring her home...just as he'd promised. "Where are

you? I'll come get you. Just tell me where I need to go."

El quietly shook her head. "Not safe."

"I don't care! I made a promise to bring you home!"

El leaned forward, hugging his neck. He wouldn't force her to reveal her location. Mike knew she was only protecting him, but not receiving an answer made it so much harder for him to handle her being gone. All he could do was return the hug, thankful that at least they had this, even if it wasn't physically real.

El pulled away, her featured distressed, blood trickling from her nose. She made eye contact with him, her voice thick, "Goodbye, Mike."

Mike's eyes popped open. He sat up on his elbows disoriented until he realized where he was. He plopped his head back on the pillow, rubbing his eyes with the heels of his hands. He'd slept many nights in the blanket fort he'd made for Eleven. Some nights he thought he could hear her call his name or see her in the shadows of the basement.

This time was different. This time he saw her, held her, talk to her. It was more than a dream. He knew in his heart that El had made contact with him. Safe or not, he would find her.